Shall you my ſonne; you haue me, haue you not?
Rey. My Lord, I haue.
Pol. God buy yee, far yee well.
Rey. Good my Lord.
Pol. Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe.
Rey. I ſhall my Lord.
Pol. And let him ply his Muſick.
Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polo. Farwel. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?
Ophe. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue bin ſo affrighted
Polo. With what i'th name of God?
Ophe. My Lord, as I was ſowing in my Cloſſet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head his ſtockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyred to his ankle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke ſo pittious in purport
As if he had beene looſed out of hell
To ſpeake of horrors, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy loue?
Ophe. My Lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.
Polo. What ſaid he?
Ophe. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He fals to ſuch peruſall of my face
As a would draw it; long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raiſed a ſigh ſo pittious and profound,
As it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulders turn'd
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out of doores he went without their helpes,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.

7 musique 11 beene 16 gyued 35 shoulder